THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 4, 1808.

The Unfortunate Marriage; or the History of Mr. and Mrs. Hartley.

[From a Novel, recently published, called "A Winter in Bath."]

MR. COSBY was born of a respectable family. Having little or no fortune, he entered the army, and being, with his regiment, quartered at the town of Arlingham, his person and plausible address soon gained him an interest in the heart of Miss Hartley, of Hartley Manor, the only child, and reputed heiress of her father, with whom she lived. The young red coat's attentions were not so well received by the father as by the young lady; but Mr. Cosby was not easily repulsed, and an elopement took place in the third month of his acquaintance with Miss Hartley.

Mr. Hartley was dreadfully enraged at his daughter's disobedience. Time unveiled to the mistaken wife the error of her choice, and she saw that her husband was unprincipled and extravagant. Mr. Hartley never would consent to receive him as his son; and on his death-bed he left away all his fortune to a distant relative, a male infant bearing his name, leaving his daughter a life-interest in the manor, provided she made it her residence.

At her demise, this estate was also to devolve to the infant Hartley: no settlement or provision was made for any children which might arise from the union of Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, and it was evident that the old gentleman's intention had been merely to keep his daughter from starvation, and if possible to prevent Cosby, or his children, from being benefitted in the remotest manner by him.

Disappointed in his mercenary views, Cosby gave himself up to the most intemperate debaucheries, and did not long survive his irascible father-in-law, leaving his widow with one child, a female.

In obedience to her father's will, Mrs. Cosby was obliged to keep up his usual style of living, and an accustomed number of domesticks; indeed, it was evident that the old gentleman's idea had merely been that of suffering his daughter to exist at the manor, as a sort of family appendage, which he could not absolutely suffer to perish.

Deeply lamenting her former imprudence, broken in spirit, and injured in health, Mrs. Cosby's hopes were wrapped up in her infant Caroline; but her heart smote her for her unthinking and precipitate conduct, when, as she watched the cherub smiles of her darling, she recollected the forlorn state in which her death would leave her; for so restricted and so tied up had been her father's will, such arrangements had been made, and such care had been taken to prevent Mrs. Cosby from enriching herself, and by that means making her husband or her child independent, that she was entirely subject to the agent in whose hands it had been left; and his superintendence was that of a man, who, studying his profession with tenacious and technical accuracy, strictly fulfilled every letter of the law.

Obliged to live in a sort of style which was utterly averse to her present feelings, or comfort, Mrs. Cosby every day sat down to a plentifully supplied table with an aching heart, dreading lest, perhaps, the common necessaries of life might hereafter be denied to her child; and as these fears gained ground in her mind, her affection for her Caroline daily increased: her foolish indulgence kept pace with it, and instead of steeling the young mind of her child against the trials and the reverses to which she would probably be called, the most injudicious tenderness was manifested in her rearing, and the "winds of heaven" were scarcely suffered "to visit her face too roughly."

We have shewn that Mrs. Cosby's principles had yielded to her inclinations in that action which marked her subsequent life, and though she had dearly purchased her experience, yet she could not purchase judgment or sound understanding.

At ten years of age, Caroline Cosby was the beautiful idol of her mother; she looked the picture of good humour, every wish was anticipated, every look was watched, and, in such a situation, her temper must have been diabolical if smiles had not played on her countenance. Her accomplishments were not neglected; the more sterling acquirements were forgotten: how, indeed, should they have been remembered, when Mrs. Cosby knew not that such things existed?

Caroline

Caroline had a good capacity, and a retentive memory, and she learned all that was taught her. Early impressions and associations are never effaced. She had a decided knowledge of her pre-eminence in beauty, but as she grew older, she concealed this knowledge under the pleasing exterior of smiling simplicity.

To marry her daughter previous to her own death, was the sanguine wish of Mrs. Cosby, and many an air-drawn scheme played on her fancy, as she sat watching the opening charms of her Caroline. Caroline thought fine clothes, and fine coaches, and fine lords, and fine ladies, must be very fine things, because she had always heard them called so: but at fifteen she lost sight of all these thoughts for a time, when William Falkland returned, his education completed, to his father's house upon the hill, about five miles distant from the manor.

Mr. Falkland had always visited Mr. Hartley, and had maintained a friendly intimacy with his daughter; he was a man of moderate fortune, who contentedly lived on a few hundreds, and, independent himself, sought not to enrich or to aggrandize his only son, but hoped that he would also sit down contentedly at the hill, and follow those maxims and customs which his father had laid down for him.

The young man had received a liberal education, his principiples were good, and his heart had right propensities; but his affections were warm, and his temper empassioned and romantic; and at twenty years of age, the period of his return, these were in full flow.

He had always admired Caroline Cosby as a beautiful child, and had played, and romped, and danced with her at all the juvenile parties in the neighbourhood, where he had met her at his vacations from school and college; but now, with all her "blushing charms" just peeping towards womanhood, he bowed to her, and almost worshipped her as a divinity.

The impression which she then made on his heart was never erased. That moment "love and desire sprang in his bosom, to himself unknown!" The evident admiration of such a young man as Falkland could not fail to interest Caroline Cosby; for, added to his personal attractions, which were at that period by no means despicable, he had a lively imagination, a happy turn of thought, and a playful manner of expressing the most trifling things, which was peculiarly pleasant to a young girl of Caroline's turn.

The heart of William Falkland she knew not how to appreciate, but she soon found out that she was the sole possessor of it, and she kept up the advantage she had gained by smiles and by allurements, which were calculated to fix him her's more firmly. If sometimes he saw an air of coquetry infused in her smiles, if sometimes he had perceived the ascendancy

of vanity, or had discovered the false light in which she viewed a self-evident duty, the candour with which she owned the one, the air of modest humility with which she acknowledged the other, the look of partial appeal with which she heard him point out her error in the last, these taught him to love even her imperfections.

Mr. Falkland enquired not into the reason for his son's frequent visits to the manor; he had a full confidence in him, and had determined never to thwart his inclinations on so important a point as that of marriage.

To see Caroline married was, as we have before said, the first wish of Mrs. Cosby; she liked Mr. Falkland, indeed no one could help it: she sighed as she said to herself, "If Caroline can forego all the gaieties and splendours of that world for which she is formed, why let it be so!"

Thus passed nearly two years at the manor. Caroline Cosby was increasing in beauty, the passion of Falkland increased with it; he had poured out his wishes and his hopes to his beloved, she had heard him "nothing loth," and he went to pay a visit of a few weeks to a friend in a distant country, in all the conscious security of requited affection.

(To be continued.)

REFLECTIONS *written in* IRELAND.

By Miss Owenson.

DISPOSED by a certain tone of mind to behold with a touching interest, a scene never to be viewed with indifference, while a pre-existing train of ideas were refreshed and associated by the corresponding impressions which my senses received from every object around me, I sat down on the tomb of the royal O'Connor, and plucked the weed or blew away the thistle, "that waved there its lonely head." The sun was setting in gloomy splendour, and the lofty angles of the abbey-tower alone caught the reflection of his dying beams, from the summits of the mountains where they still lingered: the horizon betrayed a beautiful gradation of tint, which insensibly softened into the reserved colouring of twilight, while broken hues, and irregular masses of light and shadow, flung through the pillars of the cloisters, or from the high-arched portals of the chapel, harmonized the general outline of the ruins, and shed around such aerial and indistinct forms, as fancy woos to aid the vision of her wildest dream. Nor did she now refuse to "give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." Along each mouldering aisle, and gloomy cloister, her creative eye still pursued the close-cowled monk; the haughty abbot, pacing in all the

the solemn pomp of holy meditation the damp and chequered pavement; or caught the pious chieftain's warrior-form, as he made his sumptuous offering at the altar's foot, followed by the credulous and penitential crowd which the artful policy of John had lured thither, to expiate the past, and purchase the remission of future sins. While the singular and striking ceremonies of a religion, so consonant to the liveliest powers of imagination, once splendidly celebrated in the now gloomy and ruinous chapel, the brilliant illuminations of tapers, the solemn procession of grey-headed friars, or close-veiled nuns; the meretricious ornaments which the vitiated taste of superstition flings over the pure and simple forms of true religion, and the swelling chaunt of midnight devotion or matins piety, seemed even now, something more than "the baseless fabric of a vision."

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 17.

To Annabella.

I Have written a few stanzas "*On Happiness*," and I know no one to whom I can, with greater propriety, dedicate them than to my charming Annabella.

What a poor restless thing is man?
Contriving many a fertile plan
Of sublunary joy?
Giving full scope to fancy's power,
Unconscious that each coming hour,
The fabric may destroy.

Striplings, from learning's mansion freed,
Conceive themselves by Heav'n decreed
To taste of bliss divine;
Some seek the fairy form in love,
Whilst others riotously rove
Beneath the mantling vine.

Fond love, howe'er by fortune bless'd,
Proves but a fleeting joy at best,
The vision of a day;
And wine's delights, of shorter reign,
Bring vice and folly in their train,
And premature decay.

Seldom, if ever, two we see,
Whose thoughts of happiness agree,
Yet each has bliss in store;

Each

Each to some idle pleasure prone,
Paints a bright Eden of his own,
And thinks possession sure.

Thus hope adorns our path with flow'rs,
'Till sullen disappointment lours,
And clips ambition's wings;
Then all is sorrow—all despair,
'Till to illume the night of care,
Some brighter meteor springs.

Like froward children void of rest.
Some worthless bauble unpossess'd,
Our discontent excites;
And as we rush to grasp the prize,
Still the deceitful phantom flies,
And still pursuit invites.

Farewell, then, every boasted art
To satisfy the craving heart
With temporary joys;
That man alone is truly wise
Whose wishes centre in the skies,
Which time, nor death destroys.

He seeks a paradise indeed,
Whose matchless pleasures far exceed
Conception's loftiest flight;
He seeks where *happiness* is found,
When earth, and all these orbs around
Shall sink in endless night.

I must confess, Annabella, after the persecutions Eugenio has suffered for writing some things of a *serious* nature, I am almost afraid to forward the above opinion of happiness; but as it is evidently consistent with what we daily experience ourselves, and witness in others, the integrity of my intention, I hope, will be a sufficient excuse. To *you* I need make none, as I am convinced you will always receive the dictates of sincerity with pleasure. I perfectly coincide in Eugenio's opinion, "that there is no such thing as *real* happiness on earth," because (as he very justly adds) real happiness must be *permanent*. Were we to mingle with every class of people, from the cottage to the throne, I fear we should find too ample a proof of the propriety of the argument.

It is now, my lovely girl, a dreadful winter evening; the storm howls horribly, and the hail dashing against my window, makes such an *uninspiring* noise, that I cannot possibly proceed

ceed in my meditations; I shall therefore endeavour to find an anecdote, appropriate to the subject. Chance, luckily, is more auspicious than the elements; I had not turned over a dozen leaves of the first book that came to hand, ere I met with what follows:

"Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, shewed how far he was from being happy, even whilst he abounded in riches, and all the pleasures which riches can procure. Damocles, one of his flatterers, was complimenting him upon his power, his treasures, and the magnificence of his royal state, and affirming, that no monarch ever was greater or happier than he. 'Have you a mind, Damocles,' said the king, 'to *taste* this happiness, and know, by experience, what my enjoyments are, of which you have so high an idea?' Damocles gladly accepted the offer: upon which the king ordered that a royal banquet should be prepared, and a gilded couch placed for him, covered with rich embroidery, and sideboards loaded with gold and silver plate of immense value. Pages of extraordinary beauty were ordered to wait on him at table, and to obey his commands with the greatest readiness, and the most profound submission. Neither ointments, chaplets of flowers, or rich perfumes were wanting. The table was loaded with the most exquisite delicacies of every kind. Damocles fancied himself amongst the gods. In the midst of all this happiness he sees let down from the roof, exactly over his neck, as he lay indulging himself in state, a *glittering sword* hung by a single hair. The sight of destruction thus threatening him from on high, soon put a stop to his joy and revelling. The pomp of his attendance, and the glitter of his carved plate, gave him no longer any pleasure. He dreads to stretch forth his hand to the table. He throws off the chaplet of roses. He hastens to remove from his dangerous situation; and, at last, begs the king to restore him to his former humble condition, having no desire to enjoy any longer such a dreadful kind of happiness."

"There is never a general rule (we are told) without an exception," and I sincerely hope, that in respect to the subject in question, *you*, my dear Annabella, may prove the truth of the assertion. May you ever experience a genuine, unalterable happiness; may the sunshine of prosperity irradiate the paths of your earthly pilgrimage, and favour you with a sweet prelibation of those joys which are treasured up for virtue in eternity!

X.

DISTANCE *of* SOUND.

DERHAM, in his Physico-Theology, says, that guns fired at Stockholm in 1685 were heard at the distance of

180 English miles; and, in the sea-fight between England and Holland, in 1672, the report of the guns were heard even in Wales, which could not be less than 200 miles.

SOME ACCOUNT *of the* COD FISHERY.

[From Heriot's Travels through the Canadas.]

THE cod-fish, whose abundance in Newfoundland has afforded, for a series of years, an essential object of commercial enterprise, is esteemed much more delicate than that found in the northern seas of Europe, although inferior to it in whiteness. The length of this fish usually exceeds not three feet, and the conformation of its organs is such, as to render it indifferent with regard to the selection of its aliment. The voracity of its appetite prompts it indiscriminately to swallow every substance which it is capable of gorging; and even glass and iron have been found in the stomach of this fish, which by inverting itself, has the power of becoming disburthened of its indigestible contents.

The fishermen arrange themselves along the side of the vessel, each person being provided with lines and hooks. When a fish is caught, its tongue is immediately cut out, and it is delivered to a person, in whose hands it having undergone a certain degree of preparation, is dropped through a hatchway between decks, where part of the back bone is taken out, and the cod is thrown into this state, through a second hatchway into the hold, to be salted. When a quantity of fish, sufficient to fill one of the vessels, is caught and salted, she sails from the banks to the island, where, discharging her cargo, she returns to her station, and, in the course of the season, thus renews four or five different freights.

The cod-fish is dried on the island, and larger vessels arrive from England, to convey it from thence to the European markets. In packing the fish in bulk, in the hold of the vessel, much care and attention are requisite; and the greatest precautions are used in loading, to preserve them from exposure to the moisture of the atmosphere, by spreading sails and cloths over the boats in which they are contained, and over those fish already in the vessel, if the smallest degree of dampness in the air be observable. A person, denominated culler or inspector, attends the loading of each vessel, in order to see that no fish which is not perfectly cured, be introduced into the cargo, which otherwise might soon become damaged.

The price of fish cured at Newfoundland, is generally fifteen shillings the quintal, and it neats in Europe about twenty shillings. The expence of its freight to the coast of Spain, is two

shillings and sixpence, and to Leghorn three shillings, the quintal.

The dried fish, sent to the West Indies, is packed in casks, and is inferior in quality to that carried to Europe. The fish which is salted without being dried, is termed core-fish, or green cod. A vessel, with twelve men, from the middle of April to July, must catch, salt, and bring into port, ten thousand fish, otherwise the owners will be excluded from all claim to the established bounty. The same crew, however, usually procures, during the season, more than double that quantity.

The merchants of England, who are concerned in these fisheries, supply the fishermen upon credit with every article of which they may be in want, and are repaid at the fall of the year, with the produce of their industry. Several hundred thousand pounds are thus annually advanced in speculation, on an object of commerce, before it is extracted from the bosom of the ocean.

About four hundred ships amounting to thirty-six thousand tons burthen; two thousand fishing shallops, of twenty thousand tons, and twenty thousand men, are, in times of tranquillity, usually employed every year in this fishery. About six hundred thousand quintals of fish are annually taken, which, upon an average of seven years, are worth, at the island, fifteen shillings per quintal. These, with other amounts, consisting of salmon, cod-oil, sea-oil, and furs, exceed annually half a million sterling. Of twenty thousand men from Great Britain and Ireland, employed in that fishery, eight thousand necessarily continued, when their country was not at war, on the island all the winter. Several thousand still remain there during that season, and are occupied in repairing or building boats and small vessels, or in erecting the scaffold for drying fish. These are not properly seafaring men, and are distinguished by the denomination of planters.

Description of the Towns of Smolensk, Minsk, and Grodno.

[From Reinbeck's Travels from St. Petersburgh to Germany.]

I Cannot give you any circumstantial account of the towns which I passed in my tedious journey to Grodno. The most considerable were the capitals of Smolensk, Minsk, and Grodno, but the name of town is barely an assumed title for the rest. This name, however, carries with it something terrible for the traveller, who, whenever he enters one of those places to change horses, is sure of meeting with many delays, much imposition, and still more impertinence.

The situation of Smolensk, on a tolerably steep declivity, is truly charming. It contains many pretty buildings, among which is that erected by the nobility for the cadet's corps. The parade, which is planted with trees, and surrounded by stone houses, affords a chearful aspect. Here the governor resides, and also the counsellor of state, Mr. van Breinen, a truly polite complaisant man. But elsewhere the town is dull and uninteresting. The inn, which is kept by an Italian, affords better accommodations than ordinary; but, unfortunately for us, the workmen were repairing it, so that we could have only two little miserable holes for our apartments. One great inconvenience in all the inns on this road is the want of good coach-houses, in consequence of which, the carriages must stand in the open yard, or in a simple shed. Behind the inn is a considerable garden, which was originally well laid out—a remnant of Polish grandeur. It descends in terraces down a steep, and contains many pretty walks. The present posessor has but just begun to put it in order, the greater part still lying in the wildest state.

Minsk is a pretty little town, of no mean aspect, with its stone houses and pleasant site. The place where the government-house stands is spacious and neat, the streets are wide, and tolerably regular. Traces of former prosperity are every where visible, and with that also the vermin, namely the Jews, who have corroded that prosperity. The inn is kept by a Pole. In no part is more dirt and less convenience purchased at a dearer rate. The food was altogether unpalatable, and so scantily dealt out at the ordinary, as to be insufficient for every one. We were preceded by a Pole in the old national costume; and without the cloth, which might truly be called a map of the last week's provision, being changed, we were obliged to take our seat at the table. Neither the wine nor the beer was drinkable, but the coffee and tea were somewhat better.

At Minsk, the country begins to be covered with thick woods, but beyond Smolensk the slender and chearful birch, the ornament of the northern thickets, disappeared, and was succeeded by the gloomy pine and fir; we likewise met with several inhabitants of the Polish woods, the bears; a cub of which fearlessly rested with its fore-paws on the trunk of a tree, and viewed us very composedly, without suffering itself to be disturbed by any thing we did, until we were got within a few paces of it, when it retired into the woods. But our steeds were very much frightened; and had it been the mother instead of the young one, we might not have come off so safely. Wherever we went we saw various kinds of birds sitting on the fences adjoining the road, and heard their song and cries in the fields and woods:

Many

Many of these thickets are now broken up and tilled. The country abounds in water, in hills, and in dales, and is covered with corn-fields, which yield excellent crops. In Smolensk, most of the fields are sown with oats, of which are made the famous Smolenskian grits.

It is affirmed, that sixty versts beyond Minsk, the road which leads through a deep wood, is very unsafe. As we were therefore obliged to pass it in the night-time, we now loaded our fire-arms for the first time, but had not a single occasion to use them, although the carriages were separated from each other, and passed for hours together through the solitary forests. They shewed us, however, the place where, a few days before, a robbery had been committed. Of the dreadful attack made by a gang of robbers, with their Rinaldo at their head, on a Moscovite clergyman, which I mentioned in one of my former letters, I could not learn any particulars whatever, no person appearing to know any thing of the matter.

Grodno, as the last Russian stage, was an agreeable sight for us. In this district the aspect is every where very gloomy. It is more crowded with Jews than any other, and suffered the most from the late convulsions. Almost every town lies in ruins, which seem as fresh as if just occasioned by an invading enemy.

The town of Grodno itself presents a melancholy spectacle to the reflecting observer. Here it was that the destiny of Poland was finally accomplished: here it was that Stanislaus Poniatowsky returned to whence he had received it the crown, which had long tottered on his head, and, at length, fell from it for ever.

Grodno is a considerable place, with many large stone buildings and churches; but the palaces of the Branitzkys, Poniatowskys, and Radzivilles, are falling to decay, being abandoned to the bats and to the rooks, which are immensely numerous in the Russian provinces. The Niemen, or Memel, divides the town into two parts, which are connected together by a floating bridge, on one side of which stands the custom-house. The prospect along the river is far from being cheerful or interesting, as it flows between lofty, steep, and rather naked, sandy banks: and the hilly situation of the town renders it peculiarly inconvenient for carriages. The custom-house on the frontiers give it its present importance, by which it is enabled to carry on a most extensive contraband trade. The Jews are here to be seen in as great swarms as any where, and are equally active in monopolizing every source of gain. The stranger is received by them immediately on his entrance into the town. Our provider (for that is the name they give here to the Jew lacqueys who hire themselves to travellers) conducted us to a private house in the market-place. The apartments were not amiss:

the beds tolerable; but the food was very indifferent, and the wine undrinkable.

We took some days' repose here, and exchanged our ducats for Prussian coin: they were tolerably high in value, as they went for above three rix-dollars and six groschens. The laws are little attended to here, and the officers candidly acknowledge their incapacity to inforce the execution of them. The town likewise affords but a scanty subsistence for any one, and strangers in particular would, as you may suppose, find it a very uncomfortable place to live in.

AMERICAN RUINS.

BESIDES the ruins in the Illinois and Wabash countries, of which accounts have frequently been given, there are others not less remarkable, several hundred miles farther west, particularly in the country about the great falls of the Mississipi. On approaching these falls, called St. Anthony's, pyramids of earth are frequently met with from thirty to seventy, and even eighty feet in height. These are most probably, the tombs of the ancient kings and chieftains of this part of America, though there are others which are thought to have been erected in consequence of some signal victory, and possibly to cover the bodies of those who were slain. In digging horizontally into several of these pyramids, a little above the base there is generally found a stratum of a white substance, somewhat like moist lime, and rather glutinous, extending in all probability several yards within or perhaps the whole length of the diametrical line. There is every reason to believe this consolidated chalky substance to be the remains of skeletons buried twenty centuries ago, and converted by time and the operations of natural causes into their present state. Many tokens remain on both sides of the Mississippi of their being in ancient ages as well cultivated and as thickly inhabited as the country on the Danube or the Rhine, and which sufficiently prove the denominating of America a new world has been an opinion too hastily taken up.

A copper mine was opened some years since further down the Mississipi, and to the great surprise of the labourers a large collection of the mining tools were found several fathoms below the surface of the earth. Another person, in digging for a well, discovered a furnace of brick-work five fathoms below the present surface, and in this furnace were found a quantity of coals and burnt wood. Not long since, at a spot on the Ohio, where the banks had been wasted by the undermining of the water, a stone dropped out, of the harder kind of black marble, about seven pounds in weight, having twelve equal surfaces,

faces, each surface being mathematically equilateral and equiangular five sided figures. Near the falls of the Mississippi, there is a salt spring, in the bed of the river, which has been inclosed with stone work of unknown antiquity, to keep out the fresh water. In times of freshes, however, the river overflows the stone work, and mixes with the brine, so that it does not afford salt to the savages hereabouts until the river is considerably fallen. In several places, circular fortifications have been discovered in the same country; these are constantly inclosed with deep ditches, and fenced with a breast-work.

ESCAPE *of the* PRETENDER.

AT Nonancourt, a little town beyond Dreux, a singular event happened which might find its place in history. The British ambassador, Lord Stair, having learned that the pretender was to leave Chaillot, where he was concealed, to proceed to Bretagne, in order to embark for Scotland, and put himself at the head of his adherents, applied to the regent duke of Orleans, to arrest that unfortunate prince, who was to pass by Chateau-Thierry. Contades, who was very acute, divined the intentions of the duke, in the firm resolution of not finding him whom he was to seek.

Stair on his side, distrusting the regent, determined on "a vigour beyond the law." He charged Douglas, an Irish colonel in the service of France, to place himself in ambuscade, with three assassins, at Nonancourt. On their arrival they enquired with so much eagerness, if a particular post-chaise had passed, that they became suspicious to the mistress of the post-house, Madame L'Hospital, a woman of sagacity and resolution. Nor must it be forgotten, that the report of the pretender's journey had spread abroad, since he had disappeared from Bar. The inquietude of these men, easily known to be English, led her to suspect bad designs; and it was afterwards discovered that they were hired villains, who had bargained for a reward to their families in case they were taken and executed. The mistress of the post assured them that no chaise had passed, and that it was impossible for it to get on without post horses. Douglas, after having rested a long time at the door, went with another on the road towards Bretagne, leaving the other two in the house.

Madame L'Hospital, without losing a moment, sent a postillion by the back court on the road, to Paris, to conduct the chaise to the house of another lady, her friend. While one of the men had thrown himself on a bed, the other acted as centinel at the door, but she engaged a trusty postillion to ply him with liquor to intoxication. She then locked the door of the chamber

chamber on the sleeping villain, and sent for the marechausee, who arrested the two Englishmen, though they claimed the protection of the British ambassador. It was answered that, until they gave proofs that they belonged to the ambassador, they should remain in prison. Meanwhile the pretender arrived, and was conducted into the house chosen by Madame L'Hospital, whither she went, and informed him of what had passed. This prince, full of gratitude, did not affect to deny himself, but remained concealed at Nonancourt, waiting 'till measures were taken against those who were not arrested.

Douglas, informed of what had happened, returned with all speed to Paris; and in a few days the pretender again set out in the disguise of an ecclesiastic. He gave to the mistress of the post a letter for the fallen queen of England, to whom she passed at St. Germain, and related the adventure. This princess gave the generous hostess her portrait; and the pretender sent her his; the situation of the mother and son not permitting more efficacious marks of gratitude. Madame L'Hospital, contented with doing a worthy action, did not demand from the regent the re-payment of her expences. She continued mistress of the post for twenty-five years after, and her family still hold that situation.

Some Account of Brazil, the intended Seat of the Portuguese Government.

BRAZIL is divided into fifteen provinces, or chieftainships; of which eight only are immediately annexed to the crown, the rest being siefs, made over to some of the nobility for extraordinary state services. The principal city is St. Salvador, in the province of the same name, and so called from the safety and commodiousness of its harbour. It is situate on a hill, in the 12th deg. 11 min. south latitude, it is populous, magnificent, and, beyond comparison, the most opulent and gay city in all Brazil. It contains about 20,000 Portuguese, and nearly four times that number of negro inhabitants. The trade carried on here is prodigious; the gentry are well educated, and polite; but the vulgar are ignorant, and brutal. The harbour is capable of receiving ships of any burthen; and its entrance strongly guarded by a regular fort, called St. Anthony's. Close by this fort all ships must pass that anchor here. There are several other commanding forts built on adjacent rocks, near the entrance of the harbour. The garrison of this city in times of peace does not exceed 500 men. The houses of the city are handsome, and built mostly of brick or stone; the churches, convents, and hospitals, are not only built in a

most

most sumptuous manner, but are adorned with every thing rich and costly, particularly with fine paintings. The upper part has many splendid structures, particularly the cathedral of St. Salvador. The church lately belonging to the Jesuit's College is very magnificent, and built of marble brought from Europe. The viceroy's palace is a most superb building, as is that of the archbishop. The courts of judicature are also grand structures. The principal streets are spacious, and well paved. The inhabitants are too much prone to effeminacy and indolence. Indeed nothing can be better adapted to promote every thing that is licentious and insubordinate, than the unnatural combination of slavery, idleness, and the resources so easily drawn for a licentious life. In the more southern provinces, particularly Rio de Janeiro, the now intended seat of the Portuguese government, the inhabitants are far from being so effeminate, or corrupt. They are all suffered to go armed, even the emancipated negroes and creoles, which occasions frequent, and sometimes, very fatal broils.

Before the Portuguese planted Brazil, the country was divided among tribes, every tribe or family cultivating what portion of land they thought fit, and removing their dwellings and occupancy whenever they pleased; every man, however, being considered the proprietor of the ground he occupied, 'till he quitted it for some more promising situation. Their towns then consisted of five or six immense houses, each of which contained from two to three hundred people; over these the head of the tribe presided; the chief ornaments of their dwellings were their bows, arrows, spears, and other arms. The Brazilians, who inhabit the northern part of the country, are called by the Portuguese the Tapeyers; and those of the southern the Tupinambes; the former are of a good stature, of a dark copper complexion, their hair black, and hanging over their shoulders; but they have none on their bodies or faces, and go almost naked: the women only wear a slight covering of leaves at the waist. The Tupinambes are inferior in size, and less dark in their complexion than their neighbours, who lie nearer the line; they have flat noses, which are made so in their infancy, and are esteemed a beauty; they have black curled hair, and paint themselves like the northern Brazilians. The general food of the whole country is bread, made of cassava, into cakes, like sea biscuits; they feed also on other roots, fruits, herbs, fish, oil, and such venison as they take in hunting. They have been falsely represented by some Dutch travellers as cannibals, living upon human flesh. Their chief liquor is water, which they have in the greatest plenty and purity: but they also make fermented liquors of their fruits, honey, &c: with which they sometimes indulge to excess. They have acquired but few arts beyond that of spinning coarse articles, and

forming their bows and arrows, spears, &c. hunting, fishing, and fowling are their business rather than their diversion, as necessary for the support of their families. They have some notions of a future state, and admit a state of rewards and punishments, according to their valour or cowardice. The good, they say, shall visit their ancestors, who dwell in a delightful place beyond the Andes.

It is generally allowed that the native Brazilians are a tractable and ingenious race of people, ready to learn any art or science that the Portuguese may be disposed to teach them, and profit much by the instruction they received from the Jesuits. May the revolution that is now about to place their sovereign amongst them, providentially afford the means of their deliverance from the bonds of ignorance and oppression, and enable them to participate in the blessings of a more enlightened and humane government!

ANECDOTES *of* CAPTAIN YEO.

THE introduction of this young, but highly distinguished naval hero, to the friendship and confidence of Sir Sidney Smith, is an event which promises such happy consequences to the naval glory of Britain, that the public must necessarily be pleased at being made acquainted with the manner in which it took place. When Captain Yeo was promoted to the rank of master and commander, for his very gallant conduct in the action of Muros Bay, he remained some time unemployed. In this interval of leisure, he was in habits of daily intercourse with the charming family of Mrs. Macleod, of Colbecks, a lady as eminent in goodness of head and heart, as she is distinguished in the fashionable world for the fascination of her elegant manners. This lady was also intimately acquainted with Sir Sidney Smith, and being struck with the similarity of the character of Captain Yeo to that of the gallant knight, she conceived it would be an acceptable service to both, and, probably, in the event, a source of much benefit to the country, to make them particularly acquainted, and to lay the foundation for a close professional connection. The lady accordingly proposed the introduction to Captain Yeo, who ardently embraced the prospect of placing his early laurels under a protection so auspicious to their growth as that of a man who, since the death of Nelson, has been justly considered the chief hope of the naval glory of Britain. When the intended introduction and its objects were announced to Sir Sidney Smith, he exultingly exclaimed, with all his characteristic ardour, "Aye, that is the man for me." Sir Sidney resolved, from that moment, to use all his influence to have Captain Yeo under his command, and

to make him his most confidential assistant in every delicate and dangerous enterprize. Thus the original merit of a connection, which is likely to prove so beneficial and glorious to Britain, is to be attributed to the lady.

ORIGIN *of* PLACING HOLLY *in* CHURCHES.

THE great Newton, in his Dissertations on Prophecy, says, "Gregory Nyssen tells us, after the persecution of the Emperor Decius, Gregory, bishop of Neocresarea, in Pontus, instituted, that festival days should be celebrated to them who had contended for the faith, that is, to the martyrs." And Nyssen adds this reason for the institution, viz. "When he (Gregory) observed, that the simple and unskilful multitudes, by reason of corporeal delights, remained in the error of idols, that the principal thing might be corrected among them, namely, that instead of this vain worship, they might turn their eyes upon God, he permitted that, at the memories of the holy martyrs, they might make merry, delight themselves, and be dissolved into joy. The heathens were delighted with the festivals of their gods, and unwilling to part with those delights; and therefore Gregory, to facilitate their conversion, instituted annual festivals to saints and martyrs."

Hence, it came to pass, that for exploding the festivals of the heathens, the principal festivals of the Christians succeeded in their room; as the keeping of Christmas with ivy and feasting, in the room of the Bacchanalia and Saturnalia: the celebrating of May-day with flowers, in the room of the Floralia; and the keeping of the festivals of the Virgin Mary, John the Baptist, and divers of the apostles, in the room of the solemnities used at the entrance of the sun into the signs of the zodiac in the old Julian calendar. "The church," says an ingenious writer, "hath only christened these heathen festivals with the name of some saints; and as December was a dead time of the year, when the heathens had their Saturnalia, and gave loose to recreation, the Christians honoured the season with the name of their Saviour." Here then we may discover the honourable origin of Christmas, and by consulting Kennet, or any other writer on Roman antiquities, we may also discover how the Bacchanalia were observed, the gross licentiousness of that festival, and the reason of "placing sprigs of ivy, holly, &c. in our churches at Christmas; a season of more dissolute pleasure and criminal indulgence than any other in the whole year, as if Christ was become the minister of sin!"

Answer, by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton, to W. King's Rebus, inserted November 9.

THE ROSE in beauty far excels
The loveliness of painted belles.

*** Similar answers have been received from J. Trood, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgwater; an officer of the customs; J. Joyce, of Tiverton; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; H. Ellis, of Exeter; J. Horsey, R. M. Giffard, and S. Paull, of Castle Cary academy; W. D. of Bristol; P. Codd, of Plymouth; J. Lewis, and H. Easter, of Poole; W. Cave, of Pitney; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; and J. Ryan, of Stonehouse.

Answer, by J. Whitnell, of Street, to W. D. Champion's Charade, inserted the 9th of November.

BIRD-LIME, Sir, without a doubt,
Will make the answer clearly out.

*** Similar answers have been also received from J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. Joyce, of Tiverton; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; R. M. Giffard, S. Paull, J. Horsey, and W. King, of Castle Cary academy; J. Lewis, and Hester Easter, of Poole; H. Ellis, of Exeter; J. Woodman, of North Curry; W. T. Dineck, of St. Bude; J. Trood, of Bridgewater; P. Codd, of Plymouth; W. Woon, of Grampound; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; J. Ryan, of Stonehouse; J. Vellenoweth, near Helston; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; W. Cave, of Pitney; J. R, S. R. of Awliscombe; W. D, of Bristol; T. Coumbe, Soho, and J. Colley, of St. German's; and an officer of the customs.

A CHARADE, *by J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater.*

TO find my first, ye learned gents.
Go seek a right of precedence;
And if my last you then would find,
A hill in scripture call to mind:
When anger fills the human breast,
My whole too often is express'd.

A CHARADE, *by T. Coumbe, of St. German's.*

WHEN Boreas reigns in winter cold,
My first is useful found;
And if my second you'll explore,
Go search the taverns round:
These parts, when they are rightly join'd,
A bird will quickly come to mind.

A REBUS.

FIRST name a fish that's of the largest size;
And for my next a vowel, gents. premise;
A king of Crete, who sacrific'd his son;
And him whose life Apollo did prolong;
The son of Priam, by Achilles slain;
A mountain of Arcadia next explain;
My last, once fam'd, the mistress of the world,
But since to dire, destructive ruin hurl'd:
Ye riddling bards, endow'd with penetration,
The initials join'd present my occupation.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

HYMEN's LOTTERY.

OR, A YOUNG MAN UNHAPPILY MATCHED.

BEGUIL'D by hope, a friend I know
At break of day arose,
And went in search of female WO-
And madly left repose:

A mist obscur'd his devious way,
To waken his concern;
But yet, like other youths who stray,
He would not hear "return."

To nature's fond, capricious dame
He hastens, like the rest;
To try his luck, put down his name,
And knew he must be blest.

With anxious heart, and longing eyes,
'Till drawing time began,
He waited, and his lottery prize,
Came up a WO-WO-MAN.

He caught her glance; she smil'd; he lov'd,
And own'd his bliss complete:
She frown'd contempt—with choler mov'd—
He griev'd at his hard fate.

Estrang'd in heart, tho' join'd in hand,
They murmur as they go;
And every time I see my friends,
His plaintive note is WO.

Dock, Devon.

FAREWELL ODE TO CAMBRIA.

O Cambria! ere in misty blue,
(With tardy foot, and ling'ring eye)
Thy poet-land I dimly view,
Its summit fading into sky;
Warm from the heart receive one parting song,
And bid thy echoing vales the votive strain prolong.

I love thy mountains—giant forms!
Darkly clad in gath'ring storms;
I love the rocks, down whose steep sides
With foaming dizzying crash,
Thunder the torrent's tan-brown tides,
And roaring whirlwinds dash.
With toiling step I love to climb
Each wave-beat cliff's tempestuous height,
And view with terror-mix'd delight,
The ocean-scene sublime:

Whence distant isles, in ambient æther seen,
And stormy peaks, and deep-retiring bays,

Foam-

Foam-crested breakers, and the boundless green,
Streak'd by the transient sun's swift glancing rays.
'Mid clouds and crags, dark pools, and mountains drear,
The wild woods silence, and the billows roll,
Great nature rules, and claims, with brow austere,
The shudd'ring homage of the inmost soul.

The vagrant goat, well pleas'd, I mark,
Perch'd scornful on the giddy brink,
While panting dogs affrighted shrink,
And bay beneath with idle bark:
And robb'd of fleece, the straggling flock
Bound nimbly o'er the turfy rock.

But livelier pleasure heaves my breast,
And tears my soft'ning eyes bedew,
As scenes by smiling labour drest,
And man's creative hand, I view:
The mountain oak no longer doom'd,
(In the deep pathless glen entomb'd)
His sturdy strength to waste;
Obedient to the shipwright's art,
Here launches for the crowded mart,
With gaudy streamers grac'd.
Dragg'd up with toil the searching plough
Furrows the mountain's rugged brow:
The mealy root, with sister flower,
There fatten in the misty show'r.

The lonely shepherd of the heath clad hill,
Views the new harvest with paternal joy;
As infant hands the pond'rous basket fill,
And buxom plenty smiles, no longer coy.

No longer now the lab'ring swain,
Of sweeping floods and scanty soil,
Inclement skies, and unrewarded toil,
Shall, pinch'd by hopeless penury, complain!

On the life-deserted wild,
Thro' the rocks in ruin pil'd,
Science darts her piercing ray,
Bursts kind nature's secret store,
Of leafy slate, or pond'rous ore,
And vindicates her sway.

Ye too, proud torrents! with unbridled force,
Bending your mad, innavigable course,
'Mid rocks, and cliffs, and gulphs profound,
Ye too, man's conqu'ring prowess feel,
Subdu'd to whirl the giddy wheel,
In mute unvarying round!
Not always thus to works of peace,
By patriot wisdom plann'd,
The lab'rer lent his willing hand,
And reap'd the rich increase.

PRUDENTIAL TOASTING.

I Love my friend, I love my lass,
I like to toast them in a glass;
But 'tis not this alone:
For temperance surpasses wealth,
And while I drink another's health,
I'll not destroy my own.

J. P.